Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slaunders of this age,
Or else you may maruellously be mistooke.
Flew. Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be: but when time shall serue,
I shall tell him a litle of my desires: here comes his Maiestie.
Enter King, Clarence, Gloster *and others.*
King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?
Flew. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.
King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen?*
Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew:
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.
King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And we here giue expresse commaundment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.
Enter French Herauld.
Hera. You know me by my habit.
Ki. Well thē, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee?
Hera. My maisters minde.
King. Vnfold it.
Heral. Go thee vnto *Harry* of *England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:

Altho